

# THE NEW COMMANDMENT

BY ANTHONY VERRALL

The story of a Kentucky feud hatred transplanted in a desert oasis, where a man and a woman, turned primitive by necessity, come at last to love as intensely as they had hated.

Copyright by Edward J. Ciolek  
CHAPTER I.  
The Ways of Nature.

**D**ESCRIBE the charm and beauty of that perfect day of spring, despite the peacefulness and glory of the afternoon when young John Ghent and Judith Haines were to meet in the way of things fateful, there was latent threat with brewing violence impending to the air.

Not all Kentucky could display a mountain vale more enchanting than this—the vale that was red with tragedy, where the Ghents and Haineses were at feud. It was all a world of tender greens, with blue and white for sky.

Out of the low, wide gap in the hills to the north flowed the river, and half-way up to its thickly wooded banks, and bearing great logs, lumbermen's harvest—in herds and in pairs upon its surging bosom, stream was divided at the head of the valley, and a portion ordinarily no larger than a fair-sized brook, but now quite a turbulent stream, some of the logs in its current swept majestically around a wooded of considerable dimensions. This island was connected with the land by a foot-bridge, rustic and slight.

It was a sturdy, outdoor child of twelve, barefooted, bareheaded, and clad, was standing alone upon the rustic bridge, watching the logs as they came, and leaning against the rail. She was a handsome, well-developed little being, with dark eyes and hair of glossy black. The log they were riding sank beneath the surface with their weight. To another and another of the plunging pack they sped, making toward the mainland as they went.

A rod from the shore a log and rose bodily, ten feet high above the flood, and riding thus almost erect, rammed half its length across the trunk of an old fallen tree that lay slanted down upon the bank. Instantly the log herd was divided by this obstacle. Young Ghent and Judith had approached the bank with skill when this sudden manœuvre cast them further out again, with a violent commotion about them.

The boy fairly hurled his small companion from their temporary resting place to the steadier footing of a team of larger logs that nosed through the press side by side. In the second that Judith caught her balance on the pair, however, a wide gap opened between herself and the boy and into the boiling flood he pitched, heading. He went completely under.

The gap was swiftly closing, like a mighty pair of jaws, when his hatless head reappeared above the waves. Judith knelt quickly, caught him by the hair, dragged him toward her, clutched him also by the collar of his coat, and exerting her utmost strength, hauled him full length upon the logs.

He was up in a second, unhurt. "Now's our chance!" he cried aloud, and lifting Judith stoutly, as he had before, leaped with her quickly from one uprearing log to another, where they grounded on a sloping pit of sand, and fetched her, half falling, to the land.

They ran well up from the madness of the flood, and turned to watch it roaring by. The boy pressed his hands upon his hair, expelling the water. Then looking fairly at the girl, at his side, he smiled in frank admiration of her courage.

She looked at him with equal candor, a dumb declaration in her eyes. They had never met before in all their lives, but the world had become theirs in a second. It was not a long look that they thus exchanged, for the boy became a trifle embarrassed.

She came closer to his side and gazed upon the river. Then she glanced at his handsome boyish face again, and presently once more at the torrent. Her hand went to his, unashamed, and his fingers closed promptly upon it.

"I knew you'd get me back, just as soon as I saw you coming," she said, in a tremulous utterance. "I was scared before that."

"Oh, it's easy to run on the logs," he replied. "You can see how close they are together."

After a moment of watching the fast-moving jam of tortured monsters Judith tightened her hold on his hand.

"Let's go up and see the river," said the dripping boy. "It must be lots bigger than this."

Judith was more than merely willing. She was happy—intensely happy—with this strong, unboastful youth. She had never experienced such a feeling before in all her sturdy young life. She nestled her hand even closer in his, and silently they started, side by side, their eyes to all intents and purposes directed to the flood, their senses warmly centred on each other.

The path where the stream was divided made a bend toward the bank, to avoid an exceptionally dense growth of bushes.

Around this bend came the boy and the girl, whirling to look each other in the face. They still held hands. Neither of them chanced to see a man in the pathway just ahead, where he stood looking out upon the river.

He turned alertly as the two young beings approached him and instantly an angry scowl of passionate emotion gathered on his brow.

## Your Vacation

and the

By Jack Callahan



Her uncle, glared at the youthful champion but a moment earlier, she began to hate him now.

"So," he said, cutting his lip in a scorn that Judith could never endure, "this is the pride of a Haines—holding love-sick hands with a Ghent!"

Both the young beings were silent. They edged a little apart. Judith could scarcely realize the full significance of all that her uncle had said. A Ghent at her side!—a member of the hated clan at war all these years with her tribe! It seemed preposterous—impossible.

The glamour of her recent rescue from the river was still upon her. In her bosom there were still the warm, sweet pulsations of a newly awakened emotion. She looked at her boy companion inquiringly, scanning his handsome young face for the sign of some deep-laid iniquity of spirit.

She was only a child, at the verge of womanhood; she had been matured only in loathing of the Ghents. But this young knight had saved her life. She had given him more than childish gratitude. She wanted the right to trust him, to love him with all her warm and vigorous nature. She felt she must cry out the story of his courage—the deed he had done—and clear him from the accusation of being one of the Ghents.

But the boy himself, abashed to have been thus discovered in his first young heart emotion, and chagrined to learn that Judith was a Haines, recoiled from her presence and answered her look with a stare that wounded her irrevocably.

The man remained accusingly before them.

"Why don't ye kiss him?" he said to the girl, adding humiliation to her already unbearable condition of mind. "His uncle only killed your grandpa. Why don't you tell me you love him—if that's what it's come to with your meetings?"

The fact that a Haines had also slaughtered a Ghent was not absent either from his memory or Judith's, but it served to increase rather than diminish his resentment.

His taunts bit far deeper into Judith's young heart than anything else he could have uttered. If only there had been some appeal, some softness of light, in her young deliverer's eyes! She might have forgiven him his tribeship even now.

But there was none. He had been far quicker than herself to feel the sting and to realize all that it meant to have been so discovered hand in hand with a member of the hated house with which his tribe were at feud. His eyes grew more hard and accusing; his face was flushed with shame and boyish anger.

The words that her uncle had spoken burned hotly in Judith's ears. Was young Ghent's attitude, however, that turned all her previous ardor back upon itself. Revulsion of feeling set in upon her terribly. Be-

## NEXT WEEK'S COMPLETE NOVEL MY LADY OF DOUBT

By RANDALL PARRISH

A romance of the Revolution with hero and heroine brought together in a series of nerve-racking adventures threaded on a mystery that deepens with every chapter.

BEGINS IN NEXT MONDAY'S EVENING WORLD

Ghent neither knew nor inquired. He suddenly determined to experience the novel delight of a lifting away from the earth. He bought a ticket and passed within. Riding much in the more apparatus about the captive to give his weary senses to fresh enjoyment.

The balloon was a huge contrivance, impressing Ghent as an animal might have done, endlessly swaying back and forth like a caged beast pacing the confines of its narrow house in a never-ending restlessness of spirit. The basket was sufficiently large to accommodate a number of passengers, but at present it contained two persons only, a woman and the regular attendant.

The woman, whose back was turned toward Ghent, was talking to friends on the ground—two other women, who either lacked the courage or the desire to undertake the ascension. The woman passenger was tall, superbly moulded, and bore certain unmistakable signs of youth, despite the fact that her face was not to be seen.

An official, eager to get away to his dinner, approached Ghent brusquely. "If you're goin' up, git in," he said. "I ain't goin' to wait here all night." Ghent promptly entered the basket and turned about to watch the engine and the men.

"Let her go, Harry," said the official, and instantly, as if in the joy of action, the great log steamed and began to rise.

To Ghent it seemed that the earth abruptly sank away in a quiet, orderly manner, broadening out and flattening down with a sort of terrestrial animation new to his ken. His lungs filled with uncontaminated air. Joy leaped in his breast. He gazed out after the smoky city that had given birth to this dream-creation below him.

He finally wheeled about to behold the scene unfolding on the further side of the world they were steadily deserting. The young woman passenger was still absorbed in gazing out upon the earth planet rolling in space beneath her vision.

She, too, presently thought of the view which the further side of the car must be affording. When she turned she and Ghent were face to face. He was momentarily conscious that a magnificently handsome young woman with dark gray, deep-set eyes and the blackest of hair was staring at him with a look of singular intensity. Then he knew that her strong right hand was slowly becoming a fist, and he felt some fierce hurrying of antagonism spring from her being and give him challenge where he stood.

It was Judith Haines before him. She had changed remarkably, while he had not. She knew him instantly, and he was utterly ignorant of her identity. By the scar on his jaw, by the light in his eyes, by the unaltered shape of his skull and face, he had been revealed—the boy she had hated all these years more than she hated either deadly sin or hell.

Her look held him motionless. He neither comprehended nor dreamed what it signified to feel such a scorn and abhorrence instantly directed upon him by a woman strange to his acquaintance.

How long the two confronted each other thus across the frail structure that held them, neither was ever to know. Their exchange of mental and psychological fulminate was interrupted by a sharp exclamation of the guard.

He said: "Good Lord!"

Ghent started like a creature attacked from an unexpected quarter. He saw the attendant's face abruptly blanch. Then the man leaned far out over the car edge and bawled at the top of his lungs:

"Pull her down! Pull her down, Hank! For God's sake, pull her down!"

A terrific flash of lightning and a roar and detonation like the sudden explosion and rending of the very firmament came out of the sky. A huge black mass of clouds had swept upon them, driven by a cyclone of wind, loosed at last upon the sultry upper reaches.

Ghent beheld a cheap frame building on the earth below suddenly scatter into a thousand separate planks and scantlings that hurtled away and upward like a flight of unheeded monsters. A gyrating storm had struck it and torn it literally into fragments, all of which were flung aloft in a maelstrom of dust and smoke that rushed toward the great balloon with a speed and fury indescribable.

One of the demolished building's sections of roof was driven end foremost upward through the air. Just below the basket it struck the rope that anchored the tugging balloon to solid earth and parted its fibres as it might have cut the merest strand of soap. The rotating air torrent pounced upon the helpless bag with a fierceness not to be resisted.

The car was tilted as it might have been by a landslide. The attendant, still leaning far out over the basket's edge, let out one terrible shriek when

his balance was lost and plunged straight downward, wrapped in the whirlwind's confusion. With one wild leap the bottom shot upward, riding the wreck like a bubble on the waves, and spinning in buoyant fury with the twist of the cataclysmic air. The darkening heavens enveloped everything visible. With lightning, roar and devastation for its wild companions, the liberated gas ship was bowled cyclonically westward, now rising, now horsing downward, and rising once again in the utter confusion of the storm.

The man and the woman then abruptly left together in the car had caught at the basket instinctively to save themselves from death. Ghent's hat had been snatched from his head at the first mighty pounce of the cyclone. Judith's was stripped from her now as she clung to her car. Some of her hair was torn out by the roots in the violence of the action. The coils upon her head were avagely unbraided. Her long black tresses whipped about her face and were tangled in the ropes that supported the basket. She held with fine young strength to her place, still staring at Ghent, half in hatred, half in terror, as if she felt him in some way responsible for all this prodigious might and wrath of the elements.

Ghent recognized her suddenly in the midst of his swift conviction that disaster and death were their portion. The wildness of her aspect, as once again she faced him with both death-presence and death-menace in the air they breathed, had restored to his memory the picture of a white-faced child with a rifle in her hands standing in his pathway and flinging her hatred upon him from her eyes, while out in the field lay four men dead, two kin of his and two clan of her clan, and the feud still raging unended.

He knew her by the set of her mouth, the blackness of her hair and the undying venom in her challenge. He knew her, and loathed her intensely, with matured and post-venge hatred that could live above all thought of the storm or any mad scheme of destruction that nature could devise.

He could almost have laid his hands upon her throat and hurled her from the car. It was not the terrific fury or the peril of their ride that stayed his impulse—it was simply that Judith was a woman and he scorned, like a strong male animal, to harm a fellow creature of her sex.

She saw that she was known at last. She was glad she understood the utter abhorrence of her nature for all that he was and represented. She too, could almost have done some deed of violence. Could any mad spawn of the cyclone they were riding have flung him earthward from her sight her laugh of joy and derision must have plucked all space, but she would have sent it to his ear.

Death, the frenzy of the universe abandoned to this devastating storm—yes, even God Himself—all were forgotten in her mental processes as she concentrated all her being on her hatred of this man, her fellow-passenger. She clung there, saving her life to hate him; she hoped to be spared some fatal outcome of the voyage that she might go on hating this creature, John Ghent.

The man's strong face had grown white and hard. His eyes harbored fires no longer merely smoldering. The deep red scar on his chin burned crimson in the fading light—a sinister emblem of all that occurred in his blood.

He clutched the basket as he might have clutched a Haines, and tightened his fingers there, saving her life to hate him; she hoped to be spared some fatal outcome of the voyage that she might go on hating this creature, John Ghent.

The man's strong face had grown white and hard. His eyes harbored fires no longer merely smoldering. The deep red scar on his chin burned crimson in the fading light—a sinister emblem of all that occurred in his blood.

On opposite sides of the tilting car two human positions, to clasp, with a hatred greater than the raging storm between them.

**CHAPTER IV.**  
**A Duel of Wills.**

**A**LIGHT the balloon rode aloft upon the sea of agitated air, hurried onward with the storm. All night the two antagonized beings clung to opposite sides of the basket, wrapped in the utter blackness of the universe.

When the first faint streaks of daylight invaded the wind-swept heavens Ghent was seated in the car, staring into the gloom with sleepless eyes, his body, arms and legs half deadened by the strain and the long-continued rigidity of a cramped position. He had not slept throughout the night. He knew that Judith had also remained awake and sharply alert in all her senses. She, like Ghent, had been actuated by one great instinct only—self-preservation.

Earthward there was nothing visible save billowing clouds that faintly reflected the portent of the sunrise. The roaring of the gale had ceased. The celestial silence, profound and absolute, was broken insignificantly by the creaking of the car, that strained at a slight inclination behind the bag as the huge balloon drove through space with the steadily travelling wind.

Whether an old-time boyish longing for a cleaner air and elevation lay at the root of his impulse

TAKE THE EVENING WORLD WITH YOU ON YOUR VACATION  
So that you will not miss any of the weekly novels and may continue to enjoy the daily magazine, comic and other special features. Include them in your summer reading.  
Order The Evening World Mailed to Your Summer Address